

July, 1935

The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

The month of July marks the turn of the year from the first half to the second. The six months that are gone have been interesting from many points of view. Politically, they have produced many changes in the situation that prevailed in 1934; socially and economically, they have watched the gradual disintegration of support for the N. R. A. and its final collapse; even "climatically" speaking, they have been an unusual period, with upsets and catastrophes of many kinds.

* * *

We wonder if the unsettled conditions in public and external affairs have been reflected in the lives of individuals. They should not be with regard to the essential things; it is as easy, if not easier in some ways, to save one's soul, to practice virtue, to grow in nobility of character, during troubled times as during periods of serenity and calm. But it does not always work out that way.

* * *

So we might do well to pause on the threshhold of the 2nd half of the year and look back upon what is gone: to look back upon the resolves that were made for New Year's Day — those that have been kept and those that have been broken and almost totally disregarded; then to pick up the broken ones and piece them together and determine to keep them intact until 1935 is only a record kept on the books of God.

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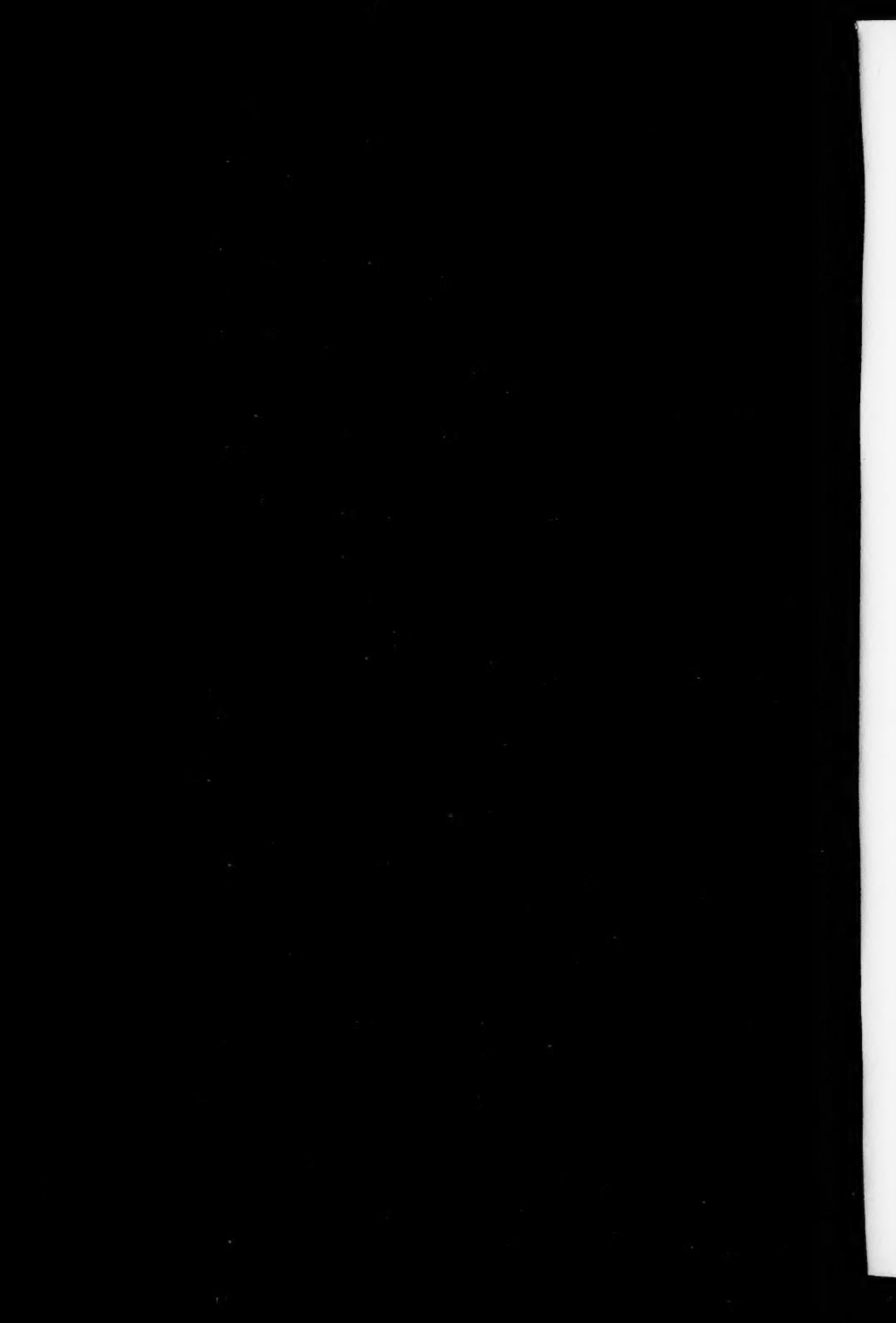
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No. 7

Gregory Speaks

(These lines were inspired by a brief sentence from one of the letters of Pope Gregory VII to a princess.)

Be not my friend because of power,
Nor think that monied might
May freight time's fleeting hour
With love for my delight.

I will not have for chosen friend
And lean on him, alone,
Whose hands, coin-dripping, lend
What truly is a stone;

Whose life, bereft of loyalty,
Forsakes the gifts of God,
And though he fain would grow by me,
Despises virtue's rod.

Fair virtue is Truth's accolade
Of God upon the soul
To prove the worth of love that's paid
As friendship's precious toll.

Bring to me not your gifts of gold
Unless your life be good;
What wealth you store in treasure-hold
To me is rotten wood.

I would much rather hear men say:
You live a virtuous life,
And heed the famished when they pray
For help in hunger-strife

Than, lavish, have you offer me
Your gold and jewels rare,
For such mere dross might only be
And coin for hell's despair.

—W. Conley Treanor, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

PRACTICAL ACTION

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"According to that we are all apostles, aren't we, Father?" said Fanny Blessig.

"You are all *called* to be apostles," Father Casey replied. "An apostleship is awaiting harvest is ripe, but, hang around in theing up the sickle and

"Such people are want to be a slacker," "And our aposterving Protestants, The Protestants in the office where we work?"

"Fanny Blessig! Fanny Blessig!" Richard Ranaghan was alarmed. "Use your head. You talk like a prune. Don't make laughing stock of us all by going down to the office in the morning and telling that bunch of hard-boiled attorneys that you have been commissioned by your priest to convert them."

"Well, isn't that what Father Casey just said?" Fanny persisted.

"Listen, child. What Father Casey said is this." Ranaghan spoke slowly and emphatically giving each word time to sink in. "You spend your days in intimate contact with non-Catholic business associates — men and women who know very little about the Catholic faith (and the little they do know isn't so). They see you are a Catholic. Consciously or unconsciously they form their opinion of the Catholic religion by your conduct. There is your apostolate. Without so much as saying a word, you will cause all these persons, and through them, their wives and cousins and aunts and mothers-in-law either to respect or to despise your holy faith."

"If she isn't to say one word, then, believe me, that apostolate is not going to appeal to Fanny Blessig."

Fanny wrinkled a saucy nose at Gerald Dambach for his remark. Ranaghan, however, in his best lawyer style, took that as the next point in his discourse.

Father Casey follows up discussions of the lay apostolate by applying them to some very practical and common situations. Every Catholic will see something of his own experience in this article.

each one of you. The as always, some just shade instead of tak-going to work." slackers! I don't Fanny told him. late consists in con-doesn't it, Father?

"I was merely showing how much good Fanny Blessig could accomplish in her apostolate without saying a word; but if she talks in the right time and place, she will accomplish far more—provided she knows what she is talking about."

"Say, Dick," Fanny countered, "One minute you tell me I must talk in order to make my business associates esteem Catholic doctrine; the next minute you tell me to dry up before I make laughing stock of all brilliant young Catholics like Richard Ranaghan, Atty. Outlaw—pardon, I mean Attorney-at-Law."

"If that is a specimen of your conversation, I can very easily decide whether to tell you to talk or to shut up."

"Oh, Mr. Ranaghan," she mocked, "when occasion demands I can be wise—painfully wise. Please tell me what, in my wisdom, I should say so as to bring no discredit on you and at the same time to make pious Catholics out of those crooks in the lawyers' offices."

"That is for Father Casey to tell you. My part is finished. I have used my legal abilities to bring you to a state where you are able to listen to reason. Now I turn you over to the specialist."

"Ain't lawyers wonderful!!!"

This came from Gabriella, and everybody immediately turned on her.

"Hurrah! Here's Gaby Flanders on the air!"—"I was just beginning to worry about her prolonged silence. Says I to myself, this cannot be natural."—"She has been too busy patting herself on the back ever since she heard those nice things the boss said about her."—"She didn't dare open her mouth for fear of wrecking that beautiful reputation she had just acquired."

This concentrated attack carried her defences. For once in her life, Gaby Flanders failed to find a ready come-back.

"That's right, enjoy yourselves," she pouted. "I hope you children are having a lovely time. Just keep on. Don't mind me; I'm an orphan." And tightly closing mouth and eyes, she settled back for a period of determined taciturnity. She managed not to smile even when Stephen Tighe stage-whispered: "There's one at every party."

"In my office, Miss Blessig," Father Casey took up the task which Richard Ranaghan had wished upon him, "the same as in most offices, many things are discussed besides business. And even in the very height of a business discussion many an irrelevant remark is dropped. Some-

times it is meant as a joke, sometimes as an elucidation. Not infrequently these discussions or remarks mis-state Catholic belief or practise. Am I not right? I am sure you all can remember cases to the point."

They could. — So many cases that they all wanted to talk at once.

"I remember one that happened this very afternoon," said Ranaghan. "A lawyer said: 'Don't kid yourself; we are not living in the middle ages when the Pope could bring down the price of building materials for his church by prophesying the immediate end of the world.' "

"So too do I remember a case that happened this afternoon," said Fanny Blessig. "The boss made me mad — he did it on purpose too. 'Miss Blessig,' he said, 'I see this new stunt, this what-do-you-call-it — League of Decency, holds that a short kiss is beautiful but a long kiss is indecent. What do you do when you are out with your boy friend, do you use a stop watch or what?'"

"I heard this one," said Stephen Tighe. 'Looks like Spain is going to junk the republic and go back to the Inquisition. Must be a blood-thirsty set — either baiting bulls in the ring or burning heretics on the plaza.' "

"I heard this one. One of our men was sore at a crooked competitor. 'Oh, for the good old days,' he said, 'when I could buy myself an indulgence and go out and put strychnine in his lobster salad.' "

"Here's one from the Big Wind in our office. He says, 'If we do not get out and teach birth control to our foreign population, we'll have the country over-run with Wops and Square-Heads. They will corner the Government just as they cornered the bootlegging.' And yesterday the same Loud Speaker got off this one, 'Tighe here will tell you that divorce is immoral, but, by cripes, I claim it is immoral for any man and woman to keep on living together after they have quit loving one another.' "

"In our place," said Bernard Raab, "we were tearing our hair over the new tax bill. 'Do you know what is wrong with us?' said Huxtrow. 'We are back numbers. We are hide-bound. We are moss-backs. Take our hospitals, for instance. We tax ourselves to the bone to maintain them. And what for? To assuage human suffering, we say. Assuage nothing! We increase human suffering instead of lessening it. We keep alive and in agony millions of hopeless invalids who should be given the boon of speedy and painless death.' "

"Listen to that! Listen to that," Father Casey cried. "And to im-

agine you people have no apostolate! Such remarks bandied about in your presence day after day! Preposterous charges against the true Church! Cold blooded rejection of the most fundamental principles of morality and common decency! And to imagine you have no apostolate!"

"But what should we say, Father?"

"What *did* you say? You, Stephen, when your colleague made that stupid remark about the Spanish Inquisition?"

"I said, sorta innocent like, 'Don't you think there is maybe a lot of exaggeration about that — that Spanish Inquisition stuff?' 'Not on your life, Tighe, it is an unquestionable historical fact.' Then I turns on him and lets him have it. 'George,' I says 'who are the senators and representatives from this state? Name the members of the Supreme Court of the United States. You can't do it. You don't know the facts about your own country today, and you're the guy that pretends to know all about something in Spain four hundred years ago, concerning which the ablest historians disagree. George, you give me a pain in the neck.'"

"And what did George say?" Bernard asked.

"He didn't say a word. The bunch gave him the horse laugh, and he shut up like a clam."

"And now he is more prejudiced against the Catholic Church than ever before," supplemented Father Casey.

Tighe's face fell. "You wouldn't want me to let him get by with a slam like that, would you, Father?" he countered.

"Do you mean a slam against the self-love of Stephen Tighe — or an affront to Our Blessed Lord? If the former, you gave the right answer; if the latter, then —"

"Coming right down to blunt facts, I was thinking very much of Stephen Tighe, and not at all of Our Blessed Lord. That is why I was so chesty about the come-back I handed him. Now I see I did not say the right thing at all."

"What you said was correct. The way you said it and the reason why you said it were wrong. You were not exercising your apostolate but simply vindicating your wounded pride."

"How should I have said it?"

"Perhaps something like this: 'George, I think a lot of this stuff about the Spanish Inquisition is all rot. Of course, you and I are hardly

qualified to judge. It's a safe bet we couldn't name the senators and representatives from the State or the members of the Supreme Bench right here in our own country today, so how could we be up on an institution which existed in a foreign country four hundred years ago and about which even the ablest historians disagree! But I'll tell you what I'll do, George. If you want to be a square shooter and get both sides of the story, I'll find you some reliable matter on the subject."

"You are right, Father, that would have left a better taste in his mouth — but I would not have got nearly the kick out of it that I did."

"And the boss's wise crack about the motion picture kiss, Father?" Fanny Blessig inquired.

"Don't discuss the question with him. A discussion on this delicate matter is just what he is looking for. Say that, even though he cannot see a distinction, his good Christian mother could, — and with that, drop it."

"And how would you answer that one about the Pope prophesying the end of the world?" Ranaghan wanted to know.

"I should keep my temper and wait until I saw him alone and then say: 'Remember your remark in conference about the Pope? I know you wouldn't deliberately say anything against my father. Now, we Catholics respect the Pope as much as we do our own father because we believe he is the vicar or representative of Christ himself. I should be sorry if you believed what you said against him; because it simply isn't so.'"

"And what about those statements advocating divorce, birth prevention, and the murder of incurables?"

"Simply remark that you, as a Catholic, hold such things directly contrary to the law of God and therefore outside the jurisdiction of any person or of any government."

"And they would probably give me the laugh or make some wise cracks about papal infallibility. An then I should lose my temper —"

"And thus, instead of exercising an apostolate for the Church, you would exercise an apostolate against it," the priest supplied.

"Exactly. And therefore I question whether it is helpful for me to say anything at all."

"It is not only helpful," Father Casey assured him, "often it is strictly obligatory. But of course you must not only enunciate Christian principles with your words, you must also show forth Christian princi-

ples in your conduct by holding your temper even while they are having their little jokes at your expense."

"But what can be the use of telling them the Catholic Church condemns this or that if it makes absolutely no impression on them?"

"It does make an impression on them — more than they care to show. They see there is at least one power in the world capable of guiding men along the difficult path of life. They will grow to respect the Church, and sooner or later they will begin asking you the Church's view on questions which intimately concern them."

"But — but — Father — "

"What it is, Stephen?"

"That 'apostolate' is not so easy as it sounds, is it? A fellow must forget himself and his own feelings and concern himself with the interests of Our Lord and the welfare of souls. He has to swallow his pride and keep back a smart answer when he sees it will not bring others nearer to Christ. Why, Father, he's — he's got to be *holy!* ! ! "

"There, you've hit the nail on the head! Nobody can bring others to love God unless he has first learned to love God himself. Each one of you has an apostolate awaiting you in the scene of your daily avocation. You must prepare for that apostolate more by prayer than by study, more at Mass and Communion than in the consulting library," said Father Casey.

NARROW-MINDED

The Church forbids her children to read certain books. She places those books on the Index or list of forbidden books. The Church is so narrow-minded, say the ignorant. The following people, says the *British Columbia Catholic*, are also extremely narrow-minded:

The father who won't give his baby a razor to play with.

The Chemist who refuses a customer a drink of arsenic.

The mountain-climber who warns a traveller against a dangerous snow-clogged pass.

A mother who tears up a dirty picture sent by some unclean person through the mails.

An astronomer who tells his class it's a waste of time studying books pretending to prove that the sun moves around the earth.

A decent girl who refuses to read a book in which she knows crime is praised, her Church is attacked with lies and hatred, and her virtue is presented as something silly and ignoble.

Three Minute Instructions

ON SINS OF SPEECH

There are many different sins committed in speech. Some are against the 6th and 8th commandments of God, and some are involved in sins of anger against the 5th commandment. However, confused ideas are most common in regard to sins against the 2nd commandment. The words "cursing," "swearing," "blaspheming," "profanity," are used wrongly so often that clear statements of what each one means may be helpful.

1. Swearing means calling upon God to witness to the truth of what one is stating or promising. In serious matters, such as court trials, swearing is legitimate and meritorious, as when the witness swears he will tell the truth. To swear "by God" or holy things in trivial matters of conversation is a venial sin of disrespect to God.
2. Perjury is false swearing; calling upon God to attest the truth of what we know is a lie or a false promise. Perjury, whether in a judicial court or in private affairs, is a mortal sin.
3. Blasphemy is any derogatory or contumelious statement or imprecation about God or holy things. To say deliberately and consciously that God is unjust or cruel or a tyrant; that He is unworthy of love or service; to scoff at saints or the Sacraments or the Mass — these are forms of blasphemy. It is always a mortal sin.
4. Cursing, in its most common form, means expressing a desire for the damnation of a fellow human being. If this desire is real and intended, to curse a human being whether through the words, "May God condemn you to hell or damn you" or in any other form is a mortal sin; it is a serious offense against charity, and a form of blasphemy as attributing to God a desire for a soul's damnation. Cursing inanimate or irrational things is always a venial sin of irreverence to God.
5. Profanity, irreverence in speech, etc., means the light and irreverent use of God's name or of the name of Jesus, or of the names of saints and holy things, in anger or in ordinary conversation. It means using the holy names as one might use slang. It is always a venial sin.

The habit of swearing or cursing or of using profanity is usually a sign that religion means very little to the one who has allowed himself to acquire such habits. Even though the majority of the offenses committed in conversation are venial sins, still those who misuse the holy names will meet with a sad awakening when they stand face to face with the all-holy God whose love they have professed, but whose Name they have so frequently derided.

Houses

THE HOUSE THAT A MAN DESTROYED

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The essence of spring, distilled into soft breezes that idled through the windows of his office and at intervals caressed his face, made work difficult for Michael Manley. He sat back in his swivel-chair and let workaday problems drop unimpeded from his mind. A delightful sense of laziness and freedom encompassed him, punctured only now and then by the intruding thought that he should be about his work. But responsibility evaporated into thin air; nothing seemed to matter except to sit quietly and dream.

However they started, the dreams of Michael Manley always and inevitably of late drifted in one direction. She was beautiful. But it was not the beauty of her that attracted him solely; it was all that for which she stood: constancy, simplicity, innocence, loyalty, joy. He knew what these things could mean in a life—in two lives—he who had seen what their lack could do. Impossible it was for him not to dream of her in a hundred different commonplace ways—he who should have been working and who had no right to dream.

For such dreams inevitably narrowed themselves down to a single point at which they became a problem far greater than the original one as to whether he should succumb or not to the laziness of spring. A compromising situation had grown up around him. He was well-endowed by nature and training and apparently eligible for the admiring glances of the sensible and flighty, the shy and the forward, the old and the young with whom he came into contact. He had returned none of the glances, on principle; until Marion had come along—who seldom glanced at him in an acquisitive way at all. Then he found his principle made sport of by the unconscious and half involuntary glances he would find himself casting in her direction. She in turn, seemed to accept him simply and naturally as a friend. Their ideas dovetailed; they often saw one another at Mass and Communion in the morning; their lunch-hours coincided and almost fatefully threw them together. Their companionship was a "natural," as all could see.

Right there was the problem. For none in his present environment knew that Michael Manley was a married man; that eight years before,

his wife, in marrying whom at the age of 20 he had made a sad mistake, had left him and disappeared; leaving no trace that the most expert detective agency in a large city could use as a clue. He who was essentially a home-maker and home-lover had not missed her company, for shortly after marriage she had proved herself to be the opposite of all the stability and strength and old-fashioned virtue for which he stood; but in disappearing thus completely, she had left him, perhaps forever, bound by a tie that could not be sundered. Like a man, he accepted his lot. Like a genuine Christian, he had prepared his soul for a life of trial. Now he knew that his greatest trial was at hand.

The heart of Marion Hayes must be turned aside from him, before it drew too near. His mind focused upon that conviction, even while his body relaxed to the spell of spring. He might simply and suddenly disappear, but for the fact that it would be so difficult to get another good position like the one he now held, and that his work at present was the best distraction for his mind. He might reveal his situation to her, but his whole nature rebelled against that. He had kept it a secret so long, had so rejoiced in the knowledge that no one knew, that the very thought of making known his great failure, though he had not been at fault, repelled him. There was one more way, better perhaps than any other because it would get to the very root of the matter. . . . He pondered it. . . . Would it be ethical? . . . Could he do it? . . . He must. . . . It was the only way. . . .

"I have tickets for the play at the State tonight," said Michael to Marion. He had walked casually across to her office. "It's the last play of the current season. Care to go?"

"Sure," she answered, hardly looking up from the copy she was reading. But her eyes had lighted up. "Call for me at 7:30."

"O. K." he answered, and drifted along.

* * *

There was a strong odor of liquor on Michael Manley as he led Marion to a table in a fashionable refreshment place after the show at the State. They sat down and he at once ordered a straight whiskey. Marion ordered orange juice, and began to look uncomfortable. After a second whiskey, her companion's eyes began to appear glazed.

"Nice show," he said, in a far away voice. The "c" in the word "nice" sounded like a "z."

He continued to stare beyond Marion, apparently oblivious of her growing uneasiness and discomfort.

"I think we ought to go home," she ventured. "It's getting late."

"What!" he answered brusquely, jerking himself forward in his chair. Then he added, sinking back lazily: "No . . . No . . . No home tonight. Big party here." He made a wide but shaky gesture embracing the room.

Marion looked helplessly around. There was a beginning of terror in her face. Michael fixed his eyes glassily upon her and said:

"Don't mind me. Had a few drinks between acts at show. Good show. Good drinks. Nuzzing like good old whiskey. . . . Hey, waiter a straight whiskey for me. . . . Bring one for the little girl too. . . . Good old whiskey. . . ."

"Michael," said the girl sharply, "I never thought I'd see you like this."

"Huh," he answered. "Never had the chance before." The waiter brought the drinks. "Be a sport—be a pal—palsy walsy. . . . Drinks on you." His voice trailed off into a fragment of song.

Marion stood up. "I've had enough of this," she said. "You're drunk and I'm through. When you get enough tell the waiters to take you home." She tossed her head and walked swiftly out of the place.

Michael sat looking at the spot where she had disappeared. Finally he pushed the little glass of whiskey away with a look of sincere disgust. All the evidences of intoxication that had seemed so real dropped from him. He smiled and seemed to say with an air of resignation: That's that!

Then melancholy descended on him—a melancholy that did not arise from the fumes of the whiskey he had sprinkled on the lapel of his coat nor from the two small drinks he had actually taken, but from the realization that life is indeed a battle, and that nothing is won but that something is simultaneously lost. He reached forward and seized the little glass of whiskey that had been placed on the table. He looked at it distastefully for a moment, weighing it, pondering it—then suddenly tossed the contents down his throat. Something seemed to snap in him, some lever seemed to swing back out of place. . . . He suddenly felt like crying. . . . He reached across the table and seized the glass that had been placed before Marion and drank its contents down. . . . He ordered another. . . . After a little his head went down on his arms and he slept. . . . It was a waiter who awakened him. . . .

* * *

Michael Manley sat at his office-desk, gazing intently at a newspaper he had received in the morning mail. The paper was dull yellow with age, but there was a flaming red line around a brief article in the center of the page. The article told of a chorus girl who had died under unusual circumstances in New York. There was a small cut of her face. Her name was given as Doris Manley. Michael Manley knew it was the girl who had been his wife. This was the morning after his successful attempt to turn aside from him the heart of Marion Hayes. . . . One of life's little ironies, he thought! No . . . it was all his own reward! Reward for not being man enough to play the game straight and true. . . . One scene like that of the night before could kill any decent girl's respect for a man. It had killed his own respect for himself. He could never face the girl again. Now he would have to take the other course that had suggested itself to him. . . . He would disappear.

He was folding up the paper even while he folded up his thoughts into this determination, and had not noticed the girl enter his office. She stood before his desk. Her eyes showed strain. . . . As soon as he saw her he looked away, out of the window. Neither spoke for a while.

"You are not a drunkard," she said then, quietly.

He did not answer.

"You were playing a game last night," she continued, "even in getting drunk. You knew you were going to disgrace yourself. But I was in it too. I was disgraced too. I ought to know why."

He turned from the window and spoke. "Marion, isn't it enough for you to know now what kind of a man I am — that I — I — am capable of such scenes as that. . . . Do you have to risk being burned further?"

"No," she answered curtly. "Because I know you. There was something beside that in your action last night. I have a right to know."

"Then suppose I tell you this. I was drunk last night — but not while you saw me. While I was with you, it was a sham — a pretence. I used to be a pretty good actor. I acted last night. But after you left, I drank, until — until the waiter had to wake me up. It was the first time in my life and may be the last, but it should be enough for you. If my acting did not succeed, then the reality that followed should succeed in — in — destroying your illusions."

"But why — what illusions?"

Michael swallowed once — twice, and then gripped himself. "I'll

tell you. Yesterday I knew I could never marry you because — because I had been married before and, so far as I knew, my wife was still living. Today," he picked up the yellowed newspaper and pointed to the story — "I have found that she is dead and I am free. But last night I bound myself by a new tie — that of a weakness that deserves no decent girl's respect."

Marion walked over to the window and looked out. She saw the streams of traffic moving up and down the avenue, and then she saw — nothing. She shook her head abruptly and turned on her heel and said:

"Listen. I hear there is a play at the State, the last of the current season. Do you think you could get two tickets for tonight?"

Michael looked at her in amazement. "Er — uh — you mean the show we saw last night?"

"Last night?" echoed Marion. "Why, last night never happened."

ONE FAITH — ONE PRAYER

The following is a prayer written in the year 98 A. D. by St. Clement, a disciple of the Apostles, the fourth bishop of Rome, in conclusion to a letter written in times of distress and fear. Note how eminently it fits the needs of our own day, and how much it resembles some of the pleas of the present Holy Father:

"We beseech Thee, Master, be Thou our help and our support. Save our oppressed people, have pity on the humiliated, raise up the fallen, show Thyself to those in need, heal the sick, bring back those of Thy people who have gone astray, fill the hungry, deliver our prisoners, re-establish those who languish, console the pusillanimous; may all races know that Thou art the only God, that Jesus Christ is Thy Son, that we are Thy people and the sheep of Thy Fold.

"O merciful and compassionate One, forgive us our faults and our injustices, our falls and our strayings. Count not the sins of Thy servants and Thy handmaids, but purify us by truth and guide our steps so that we may walk in holiness of heart and may do what is good and pleasing in Thy sight and in the sight of our princes.

"Yea, Master! make Thy face to shine upon us that we may be allowed to enjoy Thy gifts, that we may be covered with Thy powerful hand, and delivered from all sin by Thy most strong arm, and saved from those who hate us unjustly. Give concord and peace to us and to all inhabitants of the earth, as Thou didst give to our fathers when they holily invoked Thee."

William Janauschek, C.Ss.R.

A SAINT OF OUR DAY

J. CHARLTON, C.Ss.R.

In the domestic chapel of the Archbishop's Palace at Vienna, Cardinal Innitzer presided, on November 14, 1934, over a local tribunal

set up to enquire into the cause of the beatification of Father William Janauschek, a Redemptorist.

Father Janauschek had died in 1926 on the Feast of the Sacred Heart in a Viennese hospital, and his body was first interred in the municipal cemetery

of that city. He had been a great figure in Vienna, where for more than twenty years he had labored as a Redemptorist. Part of this time he had spent at the suburban church of Hernal and a longer period in the ancient monastery of Maria Stiegen, a religious foundation set deep in the center of the city and dating back to time immemorial,— and which for more than one hundred years has been in the care of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

Maria Stiegen, or St. Mary's of the Steps, derives its name from a stairway extending from its western door down to what was once the bank of the River Danube. The river was long since deflected a mile away — but the name remains. Maria Stiegen is unique amongst Redemptorist churches. Its foundations are Roman and no one can say when first the place was used for Christian worship. But its tower, the last and the latest addition to the fabric, still bears scars and bruises from the day when Turkish invaders in the 16th century made it a target for their cannon-balls.

Here Father Janauschek was Provincial Superior from 1901 to 1907, and here he was stationed when his last illness overtook him.

His life and exceptional holiness were widely known and his death was followed by amazing signs of the widespread appreciation of his sanctity. A huge concourse of mourners followed his body to the grave-side; and from the hour of his interment, his sepulchre became a place of pilgrimage — flowers in abundance, with burning lamps and candles, decorated his grave perpetually and devout people seeking his interces-

Father William Janauschek was of Slavic origin, but lived and labored in Austria. This sketch of him is written by an English Redemptorist who is now working in South Africa, and who knew the saintly Redemptorist personally.

sion were seldom absent from the spot. Men in search of work, the poor looking for bread, children in their childish troubles, the sick and ailing in their pain — every class of the poor and needy was represented there: and, placed among the flowers and candles, there could always be found a sheaf of little written notes addressed in piteous appeal for the petitions of the man of God. And it is credibly recorded (with all due reservation to the decision of the Holy See) that very many miraculous favors were obtained.

For eight years the stream of pilgrims wended its way unceasingly to the grave of Father Janauschek. At length the steady concourse of people became embarrassing to the cemetery authorities, particularly when unscrupulous vendors of pious objects began to establish the custom of setting up their wares for sale around the spot. Therefore, as time went on, it was determined to remove the remains to the crypt of the Redemptorist Church of Maria Stiegen. Having first obtained permission from the local authorities, a rescript was given by the Holy See, through the Sacred Congregation of the Council, approving this transfer.

The process of removing Father Janauschek's body began on April 13, 1934. First to the Sisters' Hospital, where the Father had died; then, after due examination, the relics were laid in a double casket of metal and placed before a temporary altar erected in a large hall of the hospital. The doors were then thrown open to admit the public. That day and the one following, more than 50,000 people are said to have defiled reverently before the remains.

Two days later, on April 15, the casket was borne to its new resting place within our church. There was little in the procession to denote a funeral pageant save the black vestments of the attendant priests: for the rest it might have been a triumphal progress. Five hundred clergy and religious walked in the procession and the streets were thronged with thousands of people, assembled from every quarter of the city. The President of the Austrian Republic, Herr Miklas, whose brother is a Redemptorist priest, together with the Cathedral Chapter of Vienna, awaited in Maria Stiegen the coming of the procession. On the arrival of the solemn cortege, an address was given by the Dean of Vienna, after which the casket with its precious burden was placed in the depository prepared for it. Over the tomb is set a picture of the Sacred Heart with a simple inscription that here, awaiting the resurrection, lies all

that was mortal of Father William Janauschek, C.Ss.R.

One miracle, at least, is said to have marked the day of translation. As the procession passed through the streets of the city, a certain woman who for ten years had suffered a malady in her right eye, was suddenly cured: both pain and weakness were instantly removed.

That day and for many days following, the Church of Maria Stiegen was thronged with pilgrims, many of whom pleaded for some relic of the dead Father.

A Vice-Postulator of the cause of beatification was appointed in the person of Fr. Carl Peschl, C.Ss.R., and thereupon the Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer set on foot the customary commission of enquiry.

In the first formal sessions of this commission, there was submitted a list of "graces" or "favors" received through the intercession of the servant of God. For the five years — 1930 to 1934 — these favors, all of them attested by the recipients and some of them supported by medical testimony, numbered 832.

One of them concerns Brother Alexius Schoen, a lay-brother in the Redemptorist community in Rosario, Republic of Argentina. He was suffering from a grave intestinal malady and the doctors had given up all hope of his cure. As he lay (it was thought) dying in a nursing home, he made a novena to Father Janauschek — not for his recovery, but that he might offer his sufferings with patience for the conversion of sinners and that, whosoever it pleased God, he might obtain the grace of a good death. On the last day of the novena the Brother's pains became so great as to lead him to believe that death was near. But at midnight he fell into a profound sleep; awakening early the next morning he felt much relieved and was pronounced by the doctors to be completely cured. He is living now, restored to health and without a trace of his former illness.

A few facts concerning the career of Father Janauschek may prove of interest. By descent he was Slavic, his parents having migrated from their home in Moravia to Vienna, in which city his father kept a store for the sale of provisions. Here the home language must have been Bohemian, so that the children learned to speak with great facility in two languages.

William Janauschek was born in the Austrian capital in 1859, and as a school-boy he became a member of the boys' club attached to the Redemptorist monastery. He entered our novitiate before completing

his 18th year and in April, 1878, he made his vows at Mautern in Styria. After ordination to the priesthood in 1882 he taught for some years in the Austrian juvenile, eventually being made Director. From 1885 to 1890 he was engaged in preaching missions throughout Austria and Bohemia until, in 1890, he was made Master of Novices, which office he filled until 1901, when, at the division of the Austrian Province, he became the first Provincial Superior of the new Province of Vienna. Following his two triennia in this office, he was assigned for the greater part of his remaining years to one or the other of our Viennese houses, whence he was busily employed in preaching missions and retreats throughout all the old Austrian Empire.

One outstanding trait of Father Janauschek was his passionate love for the poor. During those terrible years that followed the war, Vienna was on the verge of starvation. Crowds of hungry people would daily beset the house of Maria Stiegen to seek for food; and during this sad period, the one preoccupation of the servant of God was the search for means to succor these needy ones. The fear haunted him lest anyone be sent away empty.

In his preaching, we are told that his pulpit addresses were neither florid nor diffuse; he laid no claim to oratorical powers, nor did he try to obtain them. But what he spoke was the fruit of his own prayer and it came from his heart. When he preached, his audience, were they learned or simple, hung on his lips. And the congregations in Maria Stiegen are, or were, mixed ones indeed. That ancient sanctuary in the very heart of old Catholic Vienna has the slums of the city on one side and on the other royal residences, the Parliament, and business houses. The faith is there, deeply planted: and in that old church the Archduke and the street-sweeper, military officers and beggars, stood and worshiped side by side. Perhaps it was this propinquity of rich and poor together that emphasized a certain characteristic of the man of God, and won for him, in life and after, the hearts of the Viennese. Father Janauschek was uniformly courteous to everyone alike, with a courtesy that to northern minds might appear exaggerated, but which, in Vienna — the last citadel of old-world etiquette and ceremony — was understood and revered.

It is in this respect that those of us who had some little personal acquaintance with Father Janauschek, can bring our special testimony. Soon after his appointment as Provincial, he made his first visit

to the house at Mautern in 1901, and, as students, we were eager to learn what manner of man was this new Superior. Of Slavic or Czech origin — as his name implied — his appearance was typical of his race, being much more Eastern than Teutonic. Tall and very slender, soldier-like in his bearing, with strongly marked features; his face, though pallid and colorless, was lit up by eyes as dark and lustrous as ever shone in a human countenance.

Somebody dubbed him, irreverently: "The Band-box Provincial" — so well groomed did he appear and so exquisitely tidy in his dress and person. But a closer inspection showed patched clothing and cobbled shoes, the splendor of which came only from the careful attention that he himself had bestowed upon them; a care that arose not from vanity but from a sense of respect for his surroundings and his priestly character.

Moving among us, everyone was impressed by his punctilious courtesy; and the deference he showed to the youngest Students or Brother would not have been misplaced had he been in audience with the Kaiser or the Crown Prince. That was his way with all men; a way that betokened recollection, a deep recollection that whatsoever soul he met was somehow a child of God and heir of heaven. It was not the manner of a courtier that he affected, but the manner of a saint, instinctive within him. Father Janauschek's courtesy in word and action had the ring of truth; it was the exhalation of Christ-like charity that burned within his heart: "For out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

One other memory of those fleeting visits long ago. Little can be hidden from the keen eyes of young students, and we watched the Father with wonder as he said his Mass with a rare combination of meticulous accuracy, peaceful dignity, and deep devotion. At his prayers, he would seek to kneel in some secluded spot within our spacious Mautern church: but we marked his erect and motionless attitude, his face and his whole being glowing with faith and love as he communed, in thanksgiving, with his Sacramental Lord. It seemed to us as if he lived and moved as one rehearing the pagentry of heaven — a loyal and loving courtier of God's Kingdom.

Now, his labors ended, we believe him to be already gazing upon the Divine Vision; and it is our prayer that he soon may be acclaimed by the Church as one to whom we may address publicly our petitions, a saint of God.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XLVI

In the year 1924 a little French girl went to God, after a short life of barely ten years. Yet in this time, she showed such marvellous understanding of spiritual things that she has left a deep impression upon those with whom she came into contact. She was forever giving off some striking saying or reflection that might well have done credit to a person much her senior. She seemed to know that she would die as a child and long before her death gave her view regarding the reason why Jesus at times plucks the young flowers from his parterre.

"It is necessary that Jesus have in His paradise, some flowers that have never withered."

And when people spoke to her of the possibility of a miracle to cure her of her malady, she answered quietly and surely:

"I believe in all miracles, but they are not for me. I know that the good Jesus wants me."

And this from a tiny maid a little over nine years of age!

MARIE-THERESE — 1914-1924

Marie was born on June 15, 1914, in a French town, the name of which the author of the French life has kept secret. She was the first of three children, all girls, Marie, Genevieve, Marguerite. Each year the mother had the pious custom of preparing one of the altars for Corpus Christi procession, but this year of 1914 her condition forbade it, since Marie was born on the very evening of the feast. She was baptized a few hours after her birth, and thus Satan had very short claim on the child.

She proved to be a bright, energetic, self-willed little youngster — characteristics that demanded rigid control as she grew up. She early showed a marked attraction for the pious objects around the house, such as pictures and statues, for her parents believed that such home adornments were not merely decorative but educative as well.

CHARACTERISTICS

Her natural temperament was such as would have caused serious difficulties were it not restrained. She was tenacious and capricious

and wanted everyone to yield to her — a tendency she fought very hard to subdue particularly as her First Communion approached. She had a pronounced leaning to vanity, and loved to have her hair frizzed and curled, which together with a nice dress and a ribbon on her hair gave her all the appearance of a little coquette.

When Marie was but two years old — her aunt tells us the story — she visited her aunt and had just had a neat ribbon put in her hair. Immediately she wanted to see herself in the mirror and ran to do so but discovered that the mirror was much too high for her to reach. She then asked her aunt to lift her up, and seeing that she hesitated to do so, she insisted. But in order not to foster the vanity of the child, the aunt held her before the mirror for a very short time and then placed her once more upon the floor. Immediately the child turned towards the aunt and with charming malice said:

"When Little Jesus wished to see His little Jesus, surely the Holy Virgin had to lift Him before the mirror. I always do as little Jesus does, but you don't always do as the Holy Virgin does!"

The child proved to be quite precocious. Her mother tells us that she was "ever reflective" — meaning that she was given to serious thought much beyond her age. This brought on more than one humorous incident.

When four years old, Marie paid a visit to her grandparents. One day, she was seen to walk alone in the garden, quite preoccupied and thoughtful.

"Of what are you thinking so seriously, Marie?" she was asked.

"O Granny, I am thinking of the miseries of life!"

GODWARD

But the extraordinary thing in this child's life, was her fine power to bring heaven and its thoughts down to earth and interpret life in all its plainness and humdrumness in the light of God. This normally is the result of effort and practice, but in this child it seemed as something inborn. She had all the preoccupations of a child; she loved to romp and to play; she had her dolls and her toys, although the family circumstances made these rather few in number. But despite all these things, she seemed of another world. She had the wonderful gift of seeing the horizon as no barrier but rather as the blending of heaven and earth.

One day she was at play with one of her cousins, when all of a sudden she stopped and exclaimed:

"Eugene, let's go over to the cemetery and say a prayer at the grave of your mamma. It's only a few steps and then we can go on with our play!"

When the family made its customary visit to the graves of the grandparents on All Saints' day, Marie always insisted that she be taken to the children's plot, and when asked why she always wanted to visit that plot replied:

"It is here as if one were in heaven, for here one is in the midst of little angels!"

And when she saw some of these little graves overgrown with weeds and badly kept, she would remark:

"Good Jesus has done well to take them to Himself, for they had papas and mammas who had very little love for them!" In her little mind she figured that parents' attitude toward the dead reflected parents' attitude toward the living. Such sayings are rather striking when one considers that she was just six years old at the time.

She liked to organize processions and would parade in the courtyard of the abandoned convent where their home was. After due marching she would assemble the little folk around a raised knoll and give them a sermon. The tenants of the various floors would look from the windows, some to admire and some to ridicule, but Marie was imperturbable. In fact, her little sermon at times might have been directed more to the balcony than to the little group before her, as one case shows.

"My children," she one day began, "we must pray, and especially for poor sinners!" And raising her arms toward the windows, she shouted with full conviction:

"Yes, it is necessary that children pray, but parents must also pray!"

OUR LADY'S LAP

Because of her vivid sense of the presence of God and divine things, she was never tired of being alone. This was particularly noticeable during her frequent periods of illness. For this reason resignation and patience seemed easy to her.

Her detached spirit was shown in her lack of interest in some of the accidentals in which children seem to be so wrapped up. She always accompanied her mother on her shopping tours, but never was heard to ask for this and for that — something we so often hear

from our little folk. She loved music very much, but she also knew that family circumstances made her taking lessons impossible. So she soothed herself with the reflection:

"If we were rich I would ask papa and you, Mamma, to learn to play music; but it is all right, for when I shall be in heaven, I will ask the angels to show me how to play!"

Her affection for the Mother of God showed itself in many ways.

One day she went to visit her godmother, and in her great desire to show her affection for this good lady, she insisted in showering her with kisses and embraces, climbing up and down from her lap, almost to a point of tiresomeness.

"See, when I am in heaven," said the little one, "I will climb onto the Blessed Mother's lap just like that."

"But," answered the good lady, "you surely will tire the Blessed Mother with all that and she will see that you run along."

"O no," came the quick reply. "You do not make me run along, and the Holy Virgin who is much better than you, will not do it either."

Being but a mere child, her relations with the Blessed Mother were of the simplest kind. One day when visited by a friend, she said:

"When I am in the chapel at the feet of our Lady of Lourdes, I say to her: 'Imagine, good Mother, that I am the little Bernadette praying for the poor sinners.'

Often she would see to it that her sister and herself would say part of the rosary together. At times, Genevieve was unwilling, but Marie knew very well how to persuade her.

She was not afraid of death, but she feared very much to die before being received into the Children of Mary. It was her sole preoccupation in that last hour, and she pleaded so much that after the last sacraments were administered she was received as a child of Mary and invested in the scapular.

LOVE FOR JESUS

She showed a very great love for Christ in His various mysteries. The Blessed Sacrament had a very special appeal for her, and one day when she was given a beautiful piece of silk with which to make a dress for one of her dolls, she went immediately to a chaplain, and offered him the piece of silk "to adorn the inside of the tabernacle of the good Jesus!"

The love she showed for the Sacred Heart is also deserving of

mention. When but four years old, she would be found kissing the statue of the Sacred Heart. One day she slipped away from the dinner table unnoticed, and when she was sought they found her in the parlor kissing the statue of the Sacred Heart, which was just about as big as she was.

When scarcely five, she began her preparations for her first private Communion. This preparation was very intense and serious. Genevieve got a respite from Marie's teasing, acts of submission were multiplied. She yielded in everything to her sister and made a sacrifice of every kind of sweet or candy. Finally the great day arrived — June 16, 1919. The abandoned chapel on the premises was once more put in order and decorated, and with special permission a priest, a friend of the family, celebrated Mass there and the child received her first Communion. What that day meant to her, is not recorded in her life, but of this we may be sure: it was not the beginning of a friendship — it was the seal of hope.

Thenceforth the child became more recollected and more concentrated on the things of the other life. One day her mother, who had noticed that after Communion, Marie did not use a prayerbook, asked her:

“Don’t you use your prayerbook to pray?”

“I don’t need it, Mamma,” replied the child. “When the good Jesus is in my heart, I close my eyes and adore Him. When I close my eyes I see in my heart a pretty little crib with the Holy Virgin, St Joseph and the angels. Then I adore Jesus with them.”

She always saw to it that they visited the Blessed Sacrament when out for a walk with her mother, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to be one of the flower angels in the Corpus Christi procession.

This absorption in Christ grew more pronounced as she approached the end of her short career. Often she would tell her mother, when put to bed, “Tell me about the good Jesus, Mamma,” and would fall contentedly asleep as mother told her some story of the life of Christ. For this reason, profane sciences never had much attraction for her, and she never shone very much in them at school. But in her catechism and Bible History she stood unparalleled for fidelity and diligence. Each service that she rendered to her little playmates or at home, was for her a service to Our Lord:

“It is as if I did this service to little Jesus!”

STREAKS OF DAWN

Towards the middle of 1923 she began to remain in bed. Her health had never been very strong and had been a constant source of anxiety to her family. But her frequent spells of sickness and suffering she turned to good account and displayed the finest patience and resignation.

"I do not lose my sufferings, Mamma," she told her mother one day, "I offer them all to the good Jesus."

In the first days of her sickness she had a great desire to be cured, and thought that Christmas would surely bring with it the required favor. But Christmas passed and little Marie was still an invalid. Her mother wept about it, but the child was perfectly serene — Marie and Jesus understood each other. Her sickness gave her a good chance to occupy herself with Jesus and never once did she complain of that which is such a source of torture to most sick people — the slow movement of time. The reason of this might be found in a little incident that happened shortly before her death.

Marie suffered very much and had asked her mother to stay with her as much as possible. This the mother did, but when she would sit with the child for long periods and not a word was being spoken, she remarked:

"You do not speak any more with mamma, Marie, and yet you want me to remain with you!"

"Ah, Mamma," came the weak, tired voice, "I know nothing, I desire nothing, I think of nothing but of the good Jesus!"

But the most remarkable thing in these last days of Marie's life was her positive joy at the thought of death. She could not understand why one should portray death as an old person, something fearful. Even when her mother suggested that perhaps these would be her thoughts when death was not imminent, but would be very different were an angel to stoop down over her and bid her come, she told her mother that she felt sure that she would reply: Thank you. She was convinced that Jesus was going to take her very soon, and her every thought was of heaven. Several months before her death already it was her only thought and her desire seemed to grow as the days wore away. But despite her great desire to be with Christ, she never once showed any sign of impatience.

"Papas and mammas should not cry when they lose their little

children," she said one day to her mother, "They know very well that Jesus has but loaned them to them."

"I don't think there is a preacher," she said around this time, "who could make me tremble in preaching about death. I know that I shall go straight to heaven."

She conceived death in the true Franciscan way as "Sister Death" and could not understand why people would cry at funerals. She wanted her mother to promise that she would not dress Genevieve in mourning when death should come.

For a while the mother planned to take the child to Lourdes in a last effort at a cure, and Marie seemed interested. But one morning shortly before the scheduled departure, the child appeared entirely uninterested.

"Are not you happy to go to see the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes?" asked the mother.

"When I shall go to heaven, mamma," came the reply, "I shall see her in truth." And from that day, Marie showed no interest in a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Since she talked so much of heaven, her mother asked her:

"Well then, when you get to heaven what will you ask from the Jesus for your mamma?"

"Your salvation," was the immediate reply.

She realized that her departure would mean pain to her mother and therefore one day said to her:

"Mamma, do not cry when I die, because I will ask of the good Jesus the permission to be always at your and papa's side, so that you will not be alone. You will not see me, but you will say 'My little daughter is there!'"

DIVINE PARTERRE

Towards the end she was subject to frequent vomiting spells, but by a special favor of Christ, no vomiting spell ever came after midnight or before nine o'clock in the morning and thus she was never deprived of that which she yearned for most — her Holy Communion.

On January 16, she received Extreme Unction, and radiantly declared that now she was as beautiful as the day she came from the baptismal font. Two months dragged on, and then the end came. A picture portraying the Christ gathering lilies was shown to her.

"O Mamma," she exclaimed "how I wish that the good Jesus

would gather me like that . . . ” And so it proved to be.

On the night of March 18-19, she sank very rapidly. Her little body was racked with pain, so that even Marie said, answering her mother’s question :

“Ah, yes, mamma, I suffer very great pain, very great! . . . ”

“Offer your sufferings to Jesus, and He will soon come to take you,” answered the mother.

“Yes, mamma,” came the feeble voice . . . and she never spoke again. The agony started, and the little features which had been marked by suffering slowly glowed with her habitual angelic smile. And thus, at two o’clock in the afternoon, the dark eyes opened once more, looked at father and mother, and then closed forever. It was but an hour before the evening Angelus, and the feast of St. Joseph.

They buried her three days later from the church of her baptism and now among the mausoleums of the large cemetery there is a little grave fresh with well kept flowers, the tribute of affectionate hearts, preserving for future years the perennial expression of her favorite saying :

“It is necessary that Jesus have in His paradise some flowers that have never withered!”

EVEN DOGS KNOW BETTER

A Sister of Charity was once watching at the bedside of a dying Free Mason. As she saw that the strength of the sick man was gradually diminishing, she begged him to enter within himself and ask God’s forgiveness before it would be too late.

“Sir,” she said to him, “have you no desire for a priest?”

“I? A priest?” he said, “Don’t talk to me about such a thing.”

“But you are very sick,” she went on gently, “If you were to die, would you be ready to appear before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ? I beg of you, sir, think of your soul.”

“Of my soul?” he persisted. “You speak of my soul, but my dog also has a soul.”

“Ah, sir,” the Sister said, “if your dog has an immortal soul it would have more sense then you have, for it would see to it that it saved that soul, but you want to damn yours.”

The dying man was silent, but nevertheless died a few days after hardened in his infidelity.

Open Letter

TO A CATHOLIC ENTERING A MIXED MARRIAGE

Dear Friend:

This letter is not being written as an effort to dissuade you from the course you have determined upon. I shall not try to dissuade you, because I am taking it for granted that you have made up your mind in such a way that you are not to be changed. If I thought I might dissuade you, I would try, not because, as someone expressed it recently, "I am a priest and have to talk that way," but because I am a human being, elevated, it is true, by the grace of God to the office of a priest, but by both counts intensely interested in the happiness of my fellow human beings.

My purpose in writing then, is only to try to prepare you for the problems and difficulties you will have to face in your married life. Too often, I believe, when we priests have failed in an effort to turn someone aside from a course we do not wholly approve, we likewise fail to do the next best thing, i.e. provide a sympathetic and understanding preparation for difficulties we know will arise. This letter is an attempt to supply for such a possible failure. It comes "ex imo corde," as the Latin phrase goes, or, from the very heart, with an earnest desire to spare you from sorrow, or to prepare you for it in a compensating Christian way.

At the outset, I may say indeed, that not all the problems and difficulties are confined to mixed marriages. Every marriage develops these things sooner or later, as every priest knows who has had even cursory experience with human lives, and as all married persons will readily tell you. But your married life will have special problems; those problems will not be so easily solved; and their consequences may easily be dire in the extreme. So I think it well that you look ahead now and fortify yourself against the difficult situations that may arise.

You have probably heard it said that there are two possible alternative consequences of a mixed marriage for the Catholic person concerned. Either the Catholic, through a gradual process of compromise or submission to circumstances and expediency, loses the faith or allows it to become only a nominal adjunct in life; or — adheres to the faith, admits of no compromise, and as a result finds heartache and

sorrow becoming a companion through the years. Don't scoff at this rather abrupt statement of tragic alternatives; with God's grace and favor, both may be averted; nevertheless you must accept it now as a truth abundantly proved by experience that either of these two eventualities may easily come to pass in your regard. Don't be afraid to look the possibilities in the face; don't regard the future merely with the blind and blanket avowal that "all is bound to be well." That would be fair neither to yourself nor to the one whom you are to marry.

The one alternative, I say, is the possible loss of faith, if not fully and in external practice, at least in the internal allegiance of your soul to all that your faith demands. If you have had a sound, thorough training and instruction in your faith, you are blessed, because this danger will be less severe in your regard; still there will be things in your married life that will easily make a sturdy faith less sturdy, and gradually conspire to wear it away. It will not be so easy now to kneel down in the morning and evening to say your prayers, prayers that are so important for a Catholic whose faith demands that he live close to God; it will not be so easy because a little of human respect, of consideration of the non-belief of the non-Catholic person, will throw its weight against your fidelity in this regard. It will not be so easy to attend to Catholic devotional practices other than Mass on Sundays and Holydays, though even these latter may at times create difficulty because non-Catholics find it difficult to understand why we Catholics should be so seriously bound. But other devotions, which are important for all Catholics nowadays to offset the unusual influences for evil that surround them, will almost surely be neglected when they would interfere with other and perhaps less interesting plans of your partner. Above all, it will not be easy to find encouragement and inspiration in the practice of your faith, that kind of encouragement and inspiration that flows so naturally and spontaneously from mere contact and casual conversation with fellow-Catholics; indeed, on the contrary, you will be living most intimately with one who can never enter into the deepest convictions of your soul, and whose lack of understanding and apparent heedlessness of these things will gradually, unless you are very strong, awaken the query as to whether those convictions are so important after all.

You will see at once, as I do, that none of these things taken singly, need be so very strong an influence against your faith. But in the ag-

gregate and over a period of years, they have a wearing effect, even as mere drops of water on the strength of stone. Think of the danger now, and in your heart determine that you will use some extraordinary means to keep your faith brightly alive; do not leave it to the practice of the ordinary things; prepare to do extra reading for your mind's sake, and extra praying for the sake of the extra graces you will need, and you will reduce your dangers to a minimum.

But greater dangers than these lurk in the bypaths, yes, and in the straightaway of the future. There are the moral problems that will arise, such as those of birth-control and the Catholic education of your children. It is true, your non-Catholic partner signs promises when he marries you that he will not interfere with your conscience or your practice of faith, and that he will consent to the Catholic education of your children. That does not settle these problems once and for all. No matter how sincere the promise, circumstances may easily arise in which things will appear different than they did before marriage. Even some Catholic husbands and wives have difficulty adhering to principle and God's evident law when circumstances seem to make it urgent that they do otherwise; many of them smash the edifice of religion, that they have been years in building, on such pretexts as these. And if birth-control can wreck the religion of Catholic men and women, you may perceive the problem it may raise for a Catholic in a mixed marriage where the non-Catholic person feels unbound by any obligation save that of expediency or utility. Surely you should try to sense in advance what the problem may mean; you must set your soul for it, strengthen your character to face it; and if it brings heartache and sorrow and strife, let these things be accepted rather than compromise in the things of God. Right on such points as these, when difficulty and difference arise on the question of birth-control or the Catholic education of your children, the two alternatives will be starkly before you: either you will give up the struggle for loyalty to God and say farewell to peace of soul,—or you will be brave and strong enough to endure the trouble and trial that adherence to God will make for you. It will make it easier for you when the time comes, if now you recognize the possibility and with the benefits of your marriage accept the crosses it may so easily bestow.

The alternative of loss of faith is always some measure of sorrow and trial, no matter how smoothly you get along. I remember a Cath-

olic man, a sincere convert by the way, who told me in a casual conversation that he had married a non-Catholic, and that, after the first year or so, he settled down to an overwhelming sense of loneliness, which seemed to strike him most forcefully whenever he walked alone down the aisle of a Catholic Church. I have in my files a letter from a Catholic woman whose marriage to a non-Catholic is called "ideal" by all her Catholic friends, who with a pathetic earnestness pleads that we priests preach constantly against mixed marriage, because she has found it so lonesome to live with one who does not believe as she believes. I suppose, for one who really understands and loves his faith, the phrase "spiritual lonesomeness" best expresses the price to be paid for a mixed marriage. And when, as is often the case, there are added to that loneliness recurring difficulties over moral questions and devotional practices and the government of children, the Catholic person finds that the price is very high.

This may sound like a pessimistic letter, but it is not intended to be such. In some cases, all difficulties can be made to vanish, if the Catholic person, realizing the influence he or she may wield through prayer and example, and, understanding the sound truth and universal appeal of the Catholic faith, can bring about the conversion of the non-Catholic person. God's revealed doctrines and His Church are for all men, and they possess within themselves and above all in the exemplary Catholic lives they can effect, an appeal that no human heart or mind can forever withstand. The trouble is that so many Catholics live so little like the possessors of a treasure of truth that can destroy all vice and sin, that can raise up human nature to a level that the lowest of men, to say nothing of those who are naturally decent and good, will admire; that can win the enthusiastic allegiance even of those who once proclaimed themselves its enemies. If you as a Catholic are steadfast and true to your convictions, if you are striving daily to display that patience and purity and kindness and consideration and forgiveness that have been set before you in your models and made possible for you be the graces you may receive, if you pray daily for God's grace to be allowed to fall upon your partner, if you seek to improve your understanding and to be able to talk intelligently, freely, sanely about your faith, your mixed marriage will before long be a Catholic marriage in the best sense of the word.

Whatever the future may bring, I pray that you may be strong

enough to bear it bravely and well. After all, there are struggles in every walk of life; vicissitudes that can never be definitely foretold; trials that God never sends or allows without an accompanying share of graces sufficient for every human need. That you are accepting the possibility and probability of extraordinary trials, you know; that you will have strength to bear them though they multiply beyond your present conceiving you may have firm hope and trust in God; that your marriage may be on the side of the minority of mixed marriages in not causing you to turn or drift from God, I beg you to determine now!

Sincerely your,

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

An Immutable Church

Assuredly, the desire has not been wanting to lay hold of us, or to put us to fault against immutability: for, what a weighty privilege to all who do not possess it; a doctrine immutable, when everything upon earth changes! — a doctrine which men hold in their hands, which poor old men, in a place called Vatican,

guard under the key of their cabinet, and which, without any other defence, resists the course of time, the dreams of sages, the designs of kings, the fall of empires,

always one, constant, identical with itself! What a prodigy to deny! What an

accusation to silence! Therefore, all ages, jealous of a glory which disdained their own, have tried their strength against it. They have come one after the other to the door of the Vatican, they have knocked there with buskin and boot; and the doctrine has appeared under the frail and wasted form of some old man of threescore years and ten; it has said:

“What do you desire of me? Change? I never change.”

“But everything is changed in this world; astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed, the empire has changed; why are you always the same?”

“Because I come from God, and because God is always the same.”

“But know that we are the masters, we have a million of men under arms, we shall draw the sword; the sword which breaks down thrones is well able to cut off the head of an old man, and tear up the leaves of a book.”

“Do so; blood is the aroma in which I recover my youthful vigor.”

“Well, then, here is half my purple, make a sacrifice to peace, and let us share together.”

“Keep thy purple, O Caesar, tomorrow they will bury thee in it, and we will chant over thee the *Alleluja* and the *De Profundis* which never change.” — *Lacordaire*.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

CHAPTER I. BENEFITS DUE TO THE ENCYCLICAL "RERUM NOVARUM"

To begin, then, with the topic first mentioned, We cannot help but render to Almighty God the tribute of our heartfelt gratitude for the benefits which have come from the Encyclical Church and to all mankind of the counsel of St. Leo XIII to the kind; for We are minded to do this, as Ambrose: "No duty is more urgent than that We are to enumerate these benefits even in a cursory way, it would be most the whole social years. We may sum- necessary to recall all the three forms of in- marize them convenient heads, corresponding to Our Predecessor pleaded his great work of reconstruction.

The whole Encyclical, Quadragesimo Anno, is divided into an Introduction and Three Chapters. The Introduction has been concluded in the previous articles; the first part of Chapter One is here presented, with questions and answers about it following as usual.

Ambrose: "No duty is of giving thanks." Were it necessary to recall all the history of the past forty years, it would be difficult to bring about the intervention for which in order to bring about

PART ONE. WHAT WAS DONE BY THE CHURCH

In the first place, Leo himself clearly stated what could be expected from the Church. The Church proclaims from the Gospel those teachings by which the conflict can be ended, or at least made far less bitter; the Church uses her efforts not only to enlighten the mind, but to direct by her precepts the life and conduct of men; the Church improves and ameliorates the condition of the working man by numerous useful institutions."

1. BY HER TEACHING

Such are the mighty powers for good that the Church can wield; and she has been far from seeking to keep them narrowly to herself, idle and unknown to the world. On the contrary, she has made every possible use of them to bring all men the blessings of peace for which they are sighing. Again and again, by voice and pen, Leo XIII himself and his successors never failed to take the opportunity that arose to reaffirm and emphasize the social and economic doctrine of "Rerum Novarum," and to adapt it to the changing circumstances of time and place, proving on every occasion that they were loving fathers and devoted shepherds, particularly where the defence of the poor and helpless was concerned. Many Bishops followed their example: expounding the doctrine with learning and zeal, clearing up possible doubts and obscurities by their commentaries, and applying it to the conditions of their various countries according to the mind and instructions of the Holy See.

It is not surprising, therefore, since the Church was leading and lighting the way, that many learned men, priests and laymen, ardently took up the task of forming and developing social and economic science in accord with the ideas of our times, with this special object in view: to provide scholars from out the ever-changeless and unchanging doctrine of the Church the surest remedies for the new problems of the day.

And so, thanks to the guidance and the light supplied by Leo's Encyclical, a

genuine Catholic social science came into being, and now is growing and expanding every day under the tireless efforts of those chosen men whom We have called the auxiliaries of the Church. They do not allow it to remain hidden and forgotten in learned libraries and halls, but bring it out to meet the problems and controversies of the day, as is clearly evident in the popular and successful courses founded at Catholic Universities, colleges, and seminaries; in the social congresses or "weeks" held so frequently and with such gratifying results; in the study circles established; and in the extensive spread of sound and timely publications in every tongue.

Nor were these the only benefits derived from the Encyclical of Leo XIII. For little by little, and almost imperceptibly, the doctrines laid down in "Rerum Novarum" began to reach even those outside the bond of Catholic unity, who did not recognize the authority of the Church; with the result that Catholic social principles have gradually been taken over and become as part of the rightful property of the whole human race; and the eternal truths which Our Predecessor of happy memory so strongly proclaimed are frequently quoted and defended (as We rejoice to see) not only in books and periodicals published by non-Catholics, but also in legislative assemblies and in courts of justice.

And above all, when the rulers of the leading nations were assembled after the great war to make peace on the basis of a thoroughgoing change in social conditions, among the guiding rules laid down to bring justice and fair play to the laboring classes, many of the regulations were so remarkably in harmony with the principles and counsels of Leo XIII as to seem expressly deduced from his pronouncements. Truly, the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" has become a memorable document, and to it can fittingly be applied the words of Isaias: "He shall set up a standard unto the nations."



QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

How is Chapter One of "The Fortieth Year" divided?

Into an Introduction, Three Parts, and a Conclusion.

What does Pius XI do in the Introduction?

Two things; *first*, he gives thanks to God for the benefits derived from "Rerum Novarum"; *secondly*, shows how he will divide this Chapter One, namely, into three parts: 1) What was done by the Church; 2) What was done by the State; 3) What was done by the parties concerned.

How did Leo XIII "plead for three forms of intervention"?

By showing, in Part Two of "Rerum Novarum," that the true remedy for the misery of the poor was to be applied by the intervention and co-operation of 1) Church, 2) State, and 3) Parties Concerned.

Speaking of "what was done by the Church," what does Pius XI do?

After citing Leo's words as to what could be expected from the Church, he does two things: *first*, shows how the Church's *teachings* benefited the world; *secondly*, shows how the *practical application* of the teaching benefited the working classes.

Speaking of "how the Church's teachings benefited the world," what does Pius XI do?

Two main things: *first*, he tells who were the teachers, namely Popes and

Bishops, and how they taught; *secondly*, he describes the resultant benefits: 1) to Catholic scholars, 2) to Catholic social science, 3) to non-Catholics, 4) to the rulers at the Treaty of Versailles.

What are some teachings of the Church "by which the conflict can be ended," etc.?

Leo XIII in "Rerum Novarum" puts them under four heads: 1) "humanity must remain as it is; it is impossible to reduce human society to a level; there naturally exist among men innumerable differences of the most important kind"; 2) since the fall of Adam, bodily labor is "compulsory, and the expiation of man's sin"; 3) "to suffer and to endure is the lot of humanity"; 4) (and most important) labor and capital are not naturally hostile to each other, but on the contrary "each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital."

What are the "precepts" referred to in the quotation from "Rerum Novarum"?

Leo XIII divides them into "precepts of justice" and "precepts of charity." Precepts of justice for the workingman are e.g., faithfully fulfill just contracts, avoid injustice and violence towards employers; for employers, treat workingmen like human beings, give them a living wage, etc. Precepts of charity for all are: the only thing that matters about worldly goods is to use them rightly for eternal salvation, etc.; for the rich, use wealth for self, but also for the benefit of others, etc.; for the poor, remember (from Christ's example) that labor is no disgrace, etc.

What are the "institutions" referred to?

They are: 1) the sacraments and ministrations of the Church for the spiritual benefit of men; 2) her policies, foundations, etc., for their material benefit — such as hospitals, orphanages, old peoples' homes; religious orders for charitable purposes, etc.

What is noteworthy in what Pius XI says about the work of Popes?

Three things: *first*, they proclaimed the social and economic doctrine of "Rerum Novarum," — that is, they did not limit themselves to "what could be expected from the church," but also urged and directed the State and the parties concerned to do their part; *secondly*, they *adapted* the doctrine to changing circumstances, — that is, they formulated it in terms of modern usage, and brought it to bear on problems of the day; *thirdly*, they proved that the church does not favor the rich above the poor, by themselves undertaking the defense of the poor against the rich.

Is there any practical evidence that Pope and Bishops thus "proclaimed," etc.?

The Popes issued on an average six pronouncements a year on these matters; and a book published in 1931, is filled through 335 pages with only a list of the names, dates, etc., of documents of Popes and Bishops.

Have the American Bishops spoken on this matter?

Yes; besides various pastoral of individual Bishops, there are two important documents of the American hierarchy: "The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction," of Feb. 12, 1919; and "The Bishops' Pastoral Letter," of Feb. 22, 1920. Special points in these documents will be treated in their proper places in the commentary.

What are the benefits to Catholic scholars?

Pius XI indicates three: *first*, they were given encouragement to develop social and economic science; *secondly*, they were encouraged to use modern methods of expression and arrangement in presenting the science; *thirdly*, they had the solid teaching of the Church on which to base the science.

Who were the "scholars" referred to?

In general, the men referred to in this paragraph are not those who popularized the doctrine for the people, but those who drew it up in scientific form; such as Heinrich Pesch, Vermeersch, Cathrein, Husslein, Ryan, McGowan, Haas, among the priests; and Goyau, Turmann, Toniolo, Devas, Chesterton, Belloc, Arthur Preuss and Kenkel among the laymen.

What are the "benefits to Catholic social science" which Pius XI enumerates?

They are three: *first*, that a Catholic social science actually came into being; *second*, that it continues to grow every day; *third*, that it is actually in touch with the problems of the day.

What is noteworthy about this "true Catholic social science" in general?

In the preceding paragraph, Pius XI stated that scholars sought to develop social and economic science; here he says only "Catholic social science came into being."

What is the difference between "social science" and "economic science"?

Social science deals with the relations between man and man, man and business, man and government; economic science deals with the ways of producing and distributing wealth. Further on in "The Fortieth Year" the Pope shows that although economics comes under the moral law and the Church in general, still economics has its own principles, methods, and ends; hence he refrains (as Catholic scholars generally have done) from speaking of *Catholic* economic science.

Who are the "chosen men" whom Pius XI calls "auxiliaries of the Church"?

On various occasions Pius XI has addressed educators—school teachers and professors—as "auxiliaries of the Church"; but he has also called Catholic Action "the auxiliary forces of the church"; and here he would seem to mean not only Catholic educators but also all those who under the lead of the Bishops are spreading Catholic social doctrine.

What are some courses in "Catholic social science" at Universities, etc.?

A list of the courses founded would almost be a list of Catholic Universities, colleges, and seminaries, from Syria to China and Poland, and from Canada to Chile; the leading ones in the United States are "The National Catholic School of Social Service" at Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and "Fordham School of Sociology" at Fordham University, New York.

What are the social congresses or "weeks" referred to?

The usual name is "Social Week of France," or "of Italy," etc. They have been described as "a sort of migratory popular university for social research in one week courses." They are held in a different city of the country each year, and have been almost universal in Catholic countries, even in Canada, since the war. They are attended by delegates from all classes of society, including a good many of the clergy. The two most famous are "The Social Week of France," inaugurated in 1904, interrupted during the war, and resumed in 1919; and "The Social Week of Italy," inaugurated in 1909, also interrupted during the war and resumed afterwards. Besides this, there are also "Labor-Union Weeks," "Farmers' Weeks," etc. In the United States, we have something resembling the "Social Weeks,"—"The Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems." The first annual meeting was held in Milwaukee in 1923; then Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and Cincinnati were the places of meeting in the succeeding five years; in 1929, the single annual meeting was discontinued and in its place various "regional" meetings

were held each year. The meetings are sponsored by the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C. Representatives of labor and capital attend them, and interesting and valuable lectures are given and discussions held.

What about the "study circles" referred to?

Not much need be said on this, except that they were and are pretty general throughout Europe; in England, the Catholic Social Guild, founded in 1909, specialized in establishing and promoting study circles; and the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C., has strongly encouraged them in the United States.

What about the "publications" referred to?

They may be treated under three heads: 1) publishing agencies, 2) periodicals, 3) books. About the *publishing agencies*: in France, the "Action Populaire," a national Catholic "information bureau and social secretariat," distributed between 1903 and 1912, 1,000,000 pamphlets; 200,000 almanacs; 150,000 leaflets, and 60,000 volumes; in Germany the Volksverein, a national society for Catholic social education, had a section of information and propaganda which in one year (1912-13) distributed 851,145 books and brochures, and more than 11,000,000 (eleven million!) leaflets, tracts, and journals; and so on throughout the other countries of Europe. In the United States there are two agencies which have issued many social publications: the Central Bureau of the Catholic Central Verein of America, at St. Louis, and the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference at Washington, D. C. The most far reaching agencies for the publication of Catholic social doctrine in the United States, however, have been the radio broadcasts and the printed addresses of Fr. Coughlin, of Royal Oak, Michigan. About the *periodicals* (to limit ourselves to some English and American ones): English periodicals before 1931 that featured Catholic social doctrine were: "The Christian Democrat," published by the Catholic Social Guild of Oxford; and "G. K.'s Weekly," published by G. K. Chesterton. Some American periodicals before 1931 were: "Central Blatt and Social Justice," published by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis; "Catholic Charities Review," published at Washington, D. C.; "N.C.W.C. Bulletin" (later "N.C.W.C. Review" and now "Catholic Action") published by the N.C.W.C. at Washington; and the "America" and the "Commonweal" with their sections and articles on social and economic questions. As to *books*: the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C. issued in 1932 "a brief bibliography of Catholic books (in English) on economic problems," which contains 65 titles.

What are the benefits to non-Catholics?

Pius XI indicates three: *first*, non-Catholics began to know and adopt Catholic social doctrine; *second*, Catholic social doctrine came to be regarded as not merely Catholic, but as simply human, or naturally right; *third*, non-Catholic authors, lawmakers, and judges were able to make use of Pope Leo's solid principles.

How are Catholic social principles "part of the rightful property of the whole human race"?

This is evident e.g. in the general attitude on the living wage, which is treated as something due the workingman in ordinary justice, and not simply as something prescribed by Leo XIII.

How were Leo's doctrines "quoted and defended" by non-Catholics?

In England, Ramsay MacDonald, later Premier of England, echoed the doctrines of Leo XIII in his book "The Socialist Movement"; and in the United

States, publications of the American Federation of Labor (among others) often spoke respectfully of "Rerum Novarum."

How were Leo's doctrines "quoted and defended in legislatures and courts"?

This will be answered in Part Two of this chapter one: "What was done by the State."

How can the Pope praise the Treaty of Versailles in view of the disturbed state of world politics which seems to have resulted from it?

He does not praise the Treaty in general; he describes without comment its purpose "to make peace, etc."; and if he praises it at all, it is only for this: that in one part of one section, namely, that dealing with labor conditions, it had the benefit of Leo's guiding principles.

What was the "thoroughgoing change in social conditions"?

The Peace Conference unanimously adopted a resolution for the creation of a League of Nations, and appointed a committee to draft a constitution for it; committees were also appointed on the responsibility for the war, reparations, *international labor legislation*, and regulation of ports and communications. The findings of these committees, as approved by the Conference, and the work of the Supreme Council of the Conference for the disposal of former German colonies constituted these "thoroughgoing changes."

What did the Committee on international labor legislation do?

The report of the Committee, which was accepted by the Peace Conference on April 11, 1919, consisted of two parts: the first provided for an International Labor Conference, and an International Labor Office. The Conference meets annually, and consists of an equal number of delegates from each nation; and the Office is attached to the League of Nations at Geneva as part of the administrative organization. The second part consisted of the "guiding rules to bring justice and fair play to workingmen," to which the Pope refers.

What were some of these guiding rules in harmony with Pope Leo's doctrine?

Labor is not to be regarded merely as a commodity; right of association guaranteed; living wage; weekly rest of 24 hours; abolition of child labor, etc.

THE PROVIDENCE THAT RULES

President Roosevelt, in his address to Congress on the state of the Union this year, said:

"It is not empty optimism that moves me to a strong hope in the coming year. We can, if we will, make 1935 a genuine period of good feeling, sustained by a sense of purposeful progress. Beyond the material recovery, I sense a spiritual recovery as well. The people of America are turning as never before to those permanent values that are not limited to the physical objectives of life. There are growing signs of this on every hand. In the face of these spiritual impulses we are sensible of the Divine Providence to which nations turn now, as always, for guidance and fostering care."

Catholic Anecdotes

WHO ARE THE WEARY?

Two friends, says the *Ave Maria*, old men both of them, were once sipping their afternoon luncheon coffee together in a popular Boston restaurant. One of them, who greatly prided himself on his knowledge of character, remarked:

"Is it not strange how quickly one can judge of the lives of those who meet in such a place as this? Now, that young girl at the table to the left of you is evidently a spoiled child of Fortune."

"But," answered the other, after a hasty glance, "she is dressed so plainly and seems to be ordering so little."

"Oh, I don't judge from externals. I look at her face. If ever I saw perfect, unadulterated happiness, there it is. I don't believe she has a care or a dismal moment from morning till night. Now, that one in blue on the other side is evidently one of the army of workers, with perhaps a family on her hands, or maybe a drunken father or invalid mother. See her careworn look!"

Just then there was a general stir. The smiling little maid stooped down, picked up a pair of crutches and went to the desk, one poor foot dangling, with her twenty-five cent check; while the lady with the wrinkles and the careworn look walked out to her waiting car.

"I noticed that you were interested in those ladies," volunteered the cashier to the old gentleman, whom he knew well. "The lame one I call Cricket because she's so cheerful. She supports her grandmother and two little brothers by making buttonholes; but she's as happy as the day is long. And the other? Why, she's Miss Fanshawe. Her father, they say, owns most of the stock in a Steamship line."

The two old friends looked at each other and smiled, and then the one who thought himself so fine a judge of character made some casual remark about the weather.

SIMPLE AS THE DOVE—

Among stories about presence of mind there is one told in the *Franciscan Herald* about a mendicant brother, who, having made the rounds of a neighboring village, was returning to his monastery with what goods and money he had collected, when a bandit sprang out from ambush and demanded the money at the point of a gun.

There was, of course, nothing for the brother to do but give up all he had.

But as the robber was stowing it away, the brother began pleading with him in a simple and serious way:

"Listen to me, friend," he said. "If I come home empty-handed this way, they will say I have been idling about. They will not believe I have been robbed if I have nothing to show for it. Could you not shoot a couple of holes through my mantle to make it look as if you had to run me down?"

"Well," answered the robber, "if that's all you want, spread your toggs over the stump here and I'll shoot them full of holes."

This was immediately done, and while the brother carefully counted the shots of the old-fashioned six-shooter, the bandit emptied the gun with a flourish of glee and pride in his marksmanship into the garment.

"There. Does that suit you?" he asked.

"It surely does!" exclaimed the brother, as without a trace of his seeming simplicity and meekness, he seized the robber in his powerful arms, threw him to the ground, took the money and pistol from him, and went on his way home rejoicing.

DEFENSE

During the course of the trial of Blessed Thomas More, when he was accused of treason because he would not grant the spiritual authority of King Henry VIII, the judge asked him if he were so rash as to oppose the opinion of so many bishops and learned men; and, indeed, the opinion of practically the whole kingdom of England, in the matter of the spiritual supremacy of the king.

"For one bishop supporting your opinion," replied More, "I can give you a hundred for mine; and for the voice of a kingdom, I can give you the voice of Christianity for a thousand years."

A MERCIFUL VEIL

"If I had known," once said the great St. John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, "what was coming, I think I never would have undertaken this work of education."

If even saints are led to such admissions by the course of events, how happy should not ordinary Christians be that the crosses of the future are concealed! As Bulwer-Lytton once said:

"The veil before the future was woven by a merciful hand!"



Pointed Paragraphs

VACATION MAXIMS

Vacations are like power-dams; they store up energies that may be later released with greatest effect at will.

There are some things in the human make-up that can never afford a vacation. The heart asks for no vacation; the lungs receive none; the soul should be granted none from loving and serving God.

Vacation friends are usually passing friends. It is unwise to trust them until they have been proved apart from vacation.

Vacation friends may be dangerous friends. It is wise not to risk one's soul in their hands.

There are many kinds of vacation amusement. Some are evil: scorn them. Some are extravagant: be chary of them. Some are fatiguing: beware of them.

A little reading will spoil no vacation. The mind does not rest in idleness alone. There are books that soothe and strengthen and restore.

One's work should be forgotten during vacation, that it may be remembered with joy when vacation is over.

There is such a thing as too long a vacation. When idleness or amusement no longer seem an extraordinary privilege, they should be fled from before they enslave the soul.

He who plans a vacation without planning how he shall fulfill his obligations to God, shows that his faith is a mere veneer.

He who plans a vacation that includes the probability of sin, shows that his soul is already dead.

He who spends a vacation in the state of sin is a fool.

SAFE AND SANE

The Fourth of July is approaching, and though we sympathize with thousands of children who are looking forward to the thrilling amusement of a fireworks celebration, we are mindful of the danger that is always connected with such celebrations. A few years ago the American Museum of Safety collected the following statistics on the fatalities and accidents occasioned by one Fourth of July:

“161 persons were killed.

“52 of these were children less than five years of age.

"54 burned to death when their clothing was ignited by fireworks or bonfires.

"20 children were burned to death by 'harmless sparklers.'

"21 children died as a result of *eating* fireworks.

"32 persons were shot by 'unloaded' guns or stray bullets.

"30 persons lost one or both eyes.

"300 persons suffered eye injuries.

"1,900 persons were otherwise injured."

Many cities and districts have passed laws against the sale and use of fireworks, but in most places they can be obtained from "bootleg" shops and stands, or imported from other districts. Therefore, it devolves upon parents, who do not wish to see their children maimed or injured, either to keep these dangerous toys from the children, or to supervise their use in such a way that all possible danger is eliminated.

LEISURE AND RECREATION

An interesting article in the *Review of Reviews*, some time ago presented a survey of what people do with their spare time. Two groups of occupations were listed, one, including those activities in which people actually engage, the other listing those in which they would like to take part.

Among 5,000 people it was found that the following occupations were most widely engaged in, arranged here according to the order of preference:

1. Newspaper and magazine reading.
2. Listening to radio programs.
3. Attending the movies.
4. Visiting friends or entertaining.
5. Reading fiction of all types.
6. Automobile pleasure riding.
7. Swimming.
8. Writing letters.
9. Reading non-fiction books.
10. Conversing with friends.

The same group of people expressed a preference for the following activities, in which circumstances rendered it impossible or difficult to take part:

1. Tennis.
2. Swimming.

3. Boating.
4. Golf.
5. Camping.
6. Gardening.
7. Playing musical instruments.
8. Automobile riding.
9. Attending the legitimate theatre.
10. Ice skating.

Many interesting deductions could be made from the survey. The most striking is the fact that in few cases did the actual manner of spending leisure time coincide with the favorite desires of those questioned. Moreover, the preponderance of unfulfilled desires is toward some form of athletics, showing how "sports-minded" the American people have become.

Thinking men and women will also note how almost entirely lacking in the lists are cultural pursuits of any definite kind. Study and leisure are never thought of in the same connection, though some forms of study provide the most fascinating as well as fruitful kinds of occupation. We shall have to learn once more, in this day of shorter working hours, the science of well-spent leisure.

THE MODERN ARENA

The great Italian writer and convert, Giovanni Papini, recently summarized the condition of modern society in the following striking manner:

"The war against Christianity began in the fifteenth century. In the nineteenth, at least in some countries, the abandonment of the Gospel became complete and decisive.

"But God is not mocked. He will not tolerate such a desertion. A true Father always finds means to bring his children to the truth: gentle means or strong.

"The means we see God using today are violent: but their effect is that men, whether they know it or not, whether they will it or not, are constrained to be Christians. Need and terror have driven them where kind words, the examples of the saints, could not lead them.

"They have mocked at charity; and today, in every country of the world, millions of men are living on public charity. They call the alms dole or relief: but the thing is the same: the rich are forced to support the poor.

"They have despised poverty and sought after riches; and now, in the richest and proudest countries in the world, money is falling in value, factories are closing, banks are failing, governments are sinking into debt, capitalists are going bankrupt, and millions of hungry people are suffering and destitute.

"They could not bear obedience to God and the Church; and today, almost everywhere, men choose to give blind obedience to parties, governments, and states, which, by the terrible necessities of days that grow darker and darker, are forced to demand perfect submission from their followers, subjects and citizens.

"They smiled at the colorful visions of the Apocalypse; and now they await with scientific certainty, the day when they will see rains of fire and deadly vapors coming down out of the skies, as was predicted in that book of St. John.

"And like the Christians of the first centuries, the 'godless' themselves will have to seek refuge, in the next war, in those altarless catacombs: cellars, dugouts, air-raid refuges, and collective hiding places.

"Those who have been unwilling to follow Christ must humbly bow in imitation of the evangelical counsels, as they are imposed by the terrible logic of a renunciation of the Gospel."

THE UNIVERSAL INSTINCT

The *Field Afar* tells of an old missionary bishop, who had spent half a century in Africa, recounting how as a young priest he had once walked through an African slave mart. Dumped in the mud by the side of the road was a big-boned but boyish negro who had been dragged from his tribal home hundreds of miles away in the interior and had now fallen sick and exhausted.

As the missionary leaned over him, half unconsciously the boy's lips moved and he cried in his native dialect: "Mother! Mother!" Few incidents in his life had impressed the missionary bishop more strongly with the truth of the oneness of all men, as borne out in the likeness of their aspirations, than the call of this slave for his mother.

The whole world is indeed one in its love of mother. That is why, remarks the *Field Afar*, the lowliest aborigines of Africa and of the mountain fastnesses of Asia are as alive to the meaning of Mary's motherhood of all men as are the most sophisticated Westerners. No forced appeal or straining of logic is needed for the winning of souls.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

SHOULD VIRTUE BE HIDDEN?

The Gospel says in a certain place: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and From "Praxis Confessarii" glorify your Father who is in Heaven." In another place it says: "When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth."

The doubt may arise: should acts of virtue be manifested to others, or should they be kept hidden?

We answer by distinguishing Ordinary practices, necessary for Christian virtue, should be performed openly; they are, for instance, frequenting the Sacraments, making mental prayer, visiting the Blessed Sacrament, hearing Mass with recollection and on one's knees, practicing modesty of the eyes, keeping silence in church, avoiding idle or dangerous conversations, mortifying curiosity—and the like.

Practices, on the other hand, which are of "unusual supererogation," and have in them something of the singular,—such as the wearing of iron chains, scourging oneself, praying with arms extended, eating bitter herbs, and so forth,—as likewise sighing and weeping while at prayer—should be concealed as much as possible.

Other virtues again, such as visiting the sick, giving alms to the poor, humbling oneself when insulted, and the like, should be kept hidden as much as possible; but if at times they can be done only in public, they should not be omitted,

ted, as long as they are done with the sole object of pleasing God.

HOLY COMMUNION

When Jesus comes into our hearts in Holy Communion, He From "Novena for Corpus Christi" brings us every good, every grace, and especially the grace of final perseverance. This is the principal effect of the Sacrament of the Altar: to nourish souls that receive it, by giving them a vigorous strength to advance towards perfection, and resist the foes who seek their death.

If you fear that God is angry with you on account of your sins, and seeks to punish you, what can you do? Go, have recourse to Mary, the refuge of sinners; she cannot refuse to take up your case, because God has made her defender of the unfortunate.

He that honors me, says Mary, will obtain the gift of perseverance; and he that strives to make me known and honored by others will be of the number of the elect.

The Heart of Jesus is grateful that there is no least action of ours done for His love, no least word said for His glory, no good thought directed to His good pleasure, which He does not richly reward.

How can you call yourself a Christian, a follower of Christ, if you do not know how to bear an insult for God? When you are injured, take it all with a smile.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHY

The Herald of the Precious Blood, Blessed del Bufalo, Founder of the Congregation of the Precious Blood. By a member of the same Congregation. Published by "The Messenger," Carthagena, Ohio. Price, paper bound, 50 cents; cloth bound, 75 cents.

Saints seem to be more numerous in troubled times. Divine Providence thus provides for the needs of the faithful. Or perhaps it may be said that persecutions and trials supply the setting for heroic virtue. A saintly soul of heroic calibre was Blessed Caspar del Bufalo, a Roman citizen whose early youth and manhood coincide with the Napoleonic wars. While the Papal States were in the possession of the French, del Bufalo spent dreary months in exile. When he was free to return to Rome, the saint devoted his time to the giving of missions in central Italy. He was often misunderstood, like other saints, even at times by the Popes.

The story of this holy life is told in this book of 156 pages. His characteristic devotion was to the Precious Blood of Christ, which title he gave to his congregation. This devotion was the source of his personal sanctity and of his zeal for souls.—F. E. B.

A Modern Magdalen: Eve Lavallière. By Fr. L. L. McReavy, M.A. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 191 pages. Price, \$1.25.

The story of a "star" naturally suggests an exciting and varied life. Nor will Eve Lavallière's story disappoint the reader on this score. Yet here is something different. This is not the foolish, self-laudatory stuff that is found in newspaper biographies and interviews; not the inane "philosophy of life" one finds vented by much-touted stars in popular magazines. Here is reality even under the glitter of theater lights; here is sincerity along the hard road from human glory to heavenly darkness and from darkness to divine light.

The story opens with tragedy that almost stuns one; it closes with a blaze of holiness that leaves us equally speechless before the marvels of grace. It is told for the most part in the words of

Eve Lavallière herself,—words taken from her letters, which were never meant for publication, and therefore are more sincere, more satisfying, more convincing. Father McReavy has done a special service in making us know the "career" of this Modern Magdalen.—A. T. Z.

DEVOTIONAL

Thoughts on Our Divine Friend. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Published by Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 86 pages. Price, 50 cents.

This is the fourth little volume of a series called "Minute Meditations." I think this is a very good idea. Meditation is meant for lay-people as well as for religious; for meditation is one of the most effective and most vital means of holiness. St. Alphonsus very definitely believed that meditation is necessary for salvation.

Anything then that will give people some help towards reflection and meditation ought to be very welcome. Father Moffatt's book has several distinct appeals: it offers a simple method of meditation; the reflections are short, as must needs be for those who are, like Martha, "busy about many things;" the book fits neatly into purse or pocket. The meditations are predominantly affective, maybe a bit sentimental.—A. T. Z.

PAMPHLETS

The following pamphlets come from the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. The price is 10 cents each.

Christ and His Church. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. "Of Course," says Ford Osborne to Father Hall, "like any man of even limited intelligence, I admire and respect Jesus Christ. But, and you'll forgive me for saying it, I cordially dislike the Catholic Church." Whereupon Father Hall slowly and deliberately picks the statement to pieces, showing that the Church is Christ, and to believe the one is to accept the other.

Nicky. By Thos. B. Chetwood, S.J. A boy with real faith in his heart talks to a man of the world, an easy going agnostic, and brings him to his knees. Also to an act of renunciation that would take the breath away, of anyone who does not know the workings of grace.



Catholic Events


Persons:

On May 31, *Pope Pius XI* quietly observed his 78 birthday and the 56th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Pope Pius was born at Desio, May 31, 1857, and ordained to the priesthood on December 20, 1879. He was created Cardinal on June 6, 1921, and elected Pope on February 6, 1922.

Of the 260 successors of St. Peter only 37 before the present Pope have served as long as thirteen years. Among the most recent of long-reigning Popes the following may be recalled: Leo XIII, 25 years; Pius IX, 32 years, this being the longest pontificate of all; Gregory XVI, 15 years; Pius VII, 23; Pius VI, 24; Benedict XIV, 18; and Clement XI, 20. The longest after that of Pius IX is that of Leo XIII, 25 years, five months, followed by the first Pope, St. Peter, 25 years and two months.

Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas H. McLaughlin, Vicar General of Newark and head of the Diocesan Seminary, has been named Titular Bishop of Nisa and Auxiliary to the Most Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, Bishop of Newark. Bishop-elect McLaughlin was formerly president of Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey.

Vice-Admiral John Knowles in Thurm has been received into the Church at Malta, according to a message received in London. He made his submission to Dom Basil Wedge, O.S.B. — The Admiral is in command of the First Cruiser Squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet. He is fifty-four years of age and has had a distinguished career. After the World War he became assistant director of the electrical torpedo and mine department of the Admiralty, and later director of the signal department of the Admiralty.

Yoshimitsu Yoshihiko, A Catholic, has been chosen by the Imperial University of Tokyo to give a course of conferences on Christian Morals. Each year the University selects a number of intellectuals to lecture on religious subjects. Mr. Yoshimitsu was born of non-Christian parents in southern Japan and made his primary and preparatory studies at Kagoshima. He entered the Imperial University in 1926 to study logic, later receiving the doctorate. He was in France for two years studying philosophy under Jacques Maritain. While at the Imperial University he came in contact with Father Iwashita, a young Japanese who had been sent to France on a special mission by the Ministry of Public Instruction and who resigned the post to become a priest, returning to Japan after having studied at Louvain, London, Venice and Rome. His acquaintance with Father Iwashita brought Mr. Yoshimitsu into the Church.

H. P. Marchant, Dutch Minister of Education, who held that office as a member of the Union of Liberal Democrats, has placed his portfolio at the disposition of the Queen, following his announcement that he had become a convert to the Catholic Church. Mr. Marchant entered the Church five months ago, but for special reasons of state, he did not make this fact public. In resigning from the Ministry of Education, Mr. Marchant also relinquishes leadership of the free-thinking Union of Liberal Democrats, whose representative he has been in the Netherlands Parliament for thirty-five years.

Places:

The fruit of two year's missionary labor among the *Colored People of Corpus Christi Church*, Chicago, has been realized by the Franciscan Fathers and Sisters with the confirmation of a class of 500 converts. Recently 180 were prepared for Baptism and Holy Communion.

Over 65,000 students will receive diplomas or degrees from *Catholic schools* during this month. This estimate made by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is based on recent school surveys. The estimate includes 50,000 students who will be graduated from Catholic High schools and academies and 10,000 students who will complete their first degree courses in Catholic universities and colleges. In addition it is expected that there will be 800 graduates from Catholic normal schools, 1,400 graduates from major seminaries, and 1,800 students who will complete their courses in preparatory seminaries. The estimate also includes 1,200 students who will receive graduate degrees at Catholic universities and colleges. It is noted that the total number of instructors in Catholic schools is about 86,000 and the enrollment in all types of institutions during the term just ending was well over 2,600,000 students.

With the recent reception of 84 *Colored converts* into the Church the number of New York Negroes baptized under the organization of the *New York Apostolate for Colored People* has been swelled to 538 since July 1, 1933. The Apostolate was formed by the Rev. William R. McGann.

With the aim of ultimately centralizing all Catholic women's activities under one roof, the Illinois Women's Athletic Club, a modern structure rising 17 stories above the area known as the "Gold Coast" has been leased by the *Illinois Club for Catholic Women* of Chicago and placed at the disposal of the numerous Catholic women's organizations in Chicago and vicinity. The move has received the hearty approbation of His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, who has designated the Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, to direct the undertaking. Assisting in the project is the Chicago Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, which embraces scores of Catholic women's organizations.

A "Children's Crusade for Peace" will be launched on July 18th, when 20,000 youngsters of *France*, from every French Province will kneel on the historic esplanade of Strasbourg and pray that France and Europe and the entire world may be spared the horrors of war. At the same hour, in thousands of French churches, other children will utter the same prayer, asking that the angel song of Bethlehem—"Peace on earth"—may become a definite reality. These prayers for peace will form the climax of the 10th annual French Eucharistic Congress at which 100 Bishops and more than 100,000 people are expected to attend.

The *Secretary of State of Cuba* has notified the Apostolic Delegation at Havana that the Cuban Government has issued a decree, signed by President Mendieta, establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican. For the present it is stated, one of the diplomatic representatives of Cuba in Europe will be authorized to represent the Cuban Government at the Vatican without the erection of a special mission there.

The Rev. S. Joachim Ryder, pastor of St. John the Baptist Church, Huntington, Ind., served as mediator and was successful in ending a strike of automobile mechanics that had been in progress for nine weeks.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Patient: "Doctor, I'm bothered with a queer pain. When I bend forward, stretch out my arms and make a semi-circular movement with them, a sharp sting comes in my left shoulder."

Doctor: "But why, do it?"

Patient: "Well, if you know any other way for a man to get on his overcoat, I wish you'd let me know."

*

The new maid had been instructed how to address the various people who would call. She knew that she had to say "Your lordship," "Your ladyship," and so on. But an admiral was the first to call, and she said: "This way, your flagship."

*

Two Irishmen roomed in an eight-story apartment on the top floor and could not sleep on Sunday morning, as the sun would shine in the windows and wake them up. They bought some black paint and painted the windows and lay down to sleep.

When they woke up they realized they would be late for work, as it was seven fifteen. They rushed to their jobs and the foreman looked at them in bewilderment. Pat says, "Faith and what's the matter, boss? We're only twenty minutes late."

The foreman: "Twenty minutes! Where were you Monday and Tuesday?"

*

"I'd like to talk to your men and sell them my correspondence course on how to develop a spark in their work."

"Get out of here! Get out!"

"But why?"

"You blooming idiot! This is a dynamite factory!"

*

Rastus: "Say, Sambo, what time in your life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worst?"

Sambo: "Once when Ah wuz callin' on a henhouse an' de farmer come in an' caught me. Boy, wuz Ah scared!"

Rastus: "How are yo' suah dat was de worstest yo' evah bin scared?"

Sambo: "'Cause de farmer grab me by the shoulder an' he say 'White boy, whut you doin' here?'"

The stout lady on the scale was eagerly watched by two small boys.

The lady dropped in her cent, but the machine was out of order and registered only seventy-five pounds.

"Good-night, Bill," gasped one of the youngsters in amazement, "she's hollow!"

*

"Why does a red-headed girl always marry a quiet fellow?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

*

Stenographer: "There is a salesman outside with a mustache—"

Boss: "Tell him I've got a mustache."

*

"How is you-all feelin' dis mornin', Henry?"

"Not very well, Mandy. Ah's not feelin' myself nohow."

"Dat am good, Henry."

"What you-all mean, wife?"

"Jes' dis dat whoever else you feels youself, you's bettah dan you is."

*

"MacTavish took his girl out to dinner and got an awful case of indigestion."

"Don't tell us he ate more than was good for him!"

"No, but his girl sure did!"

*

A question on an English examination paper read, "What is poetic license?"

One pupil wrote: "A poetic license is a license you get from the Post Office to keep poets. You get one also if you want to keep a dog. It costs two dollars and you call it a dog license."

*

Mother: "Did that young man talk business last night, Dorothy?"

Dorothy: "Yes, and he said it was rotten."

*

Rexford: "I suppose you think I'm a perfect idiot?"

Roberta: "Oh, none of us are perfect."

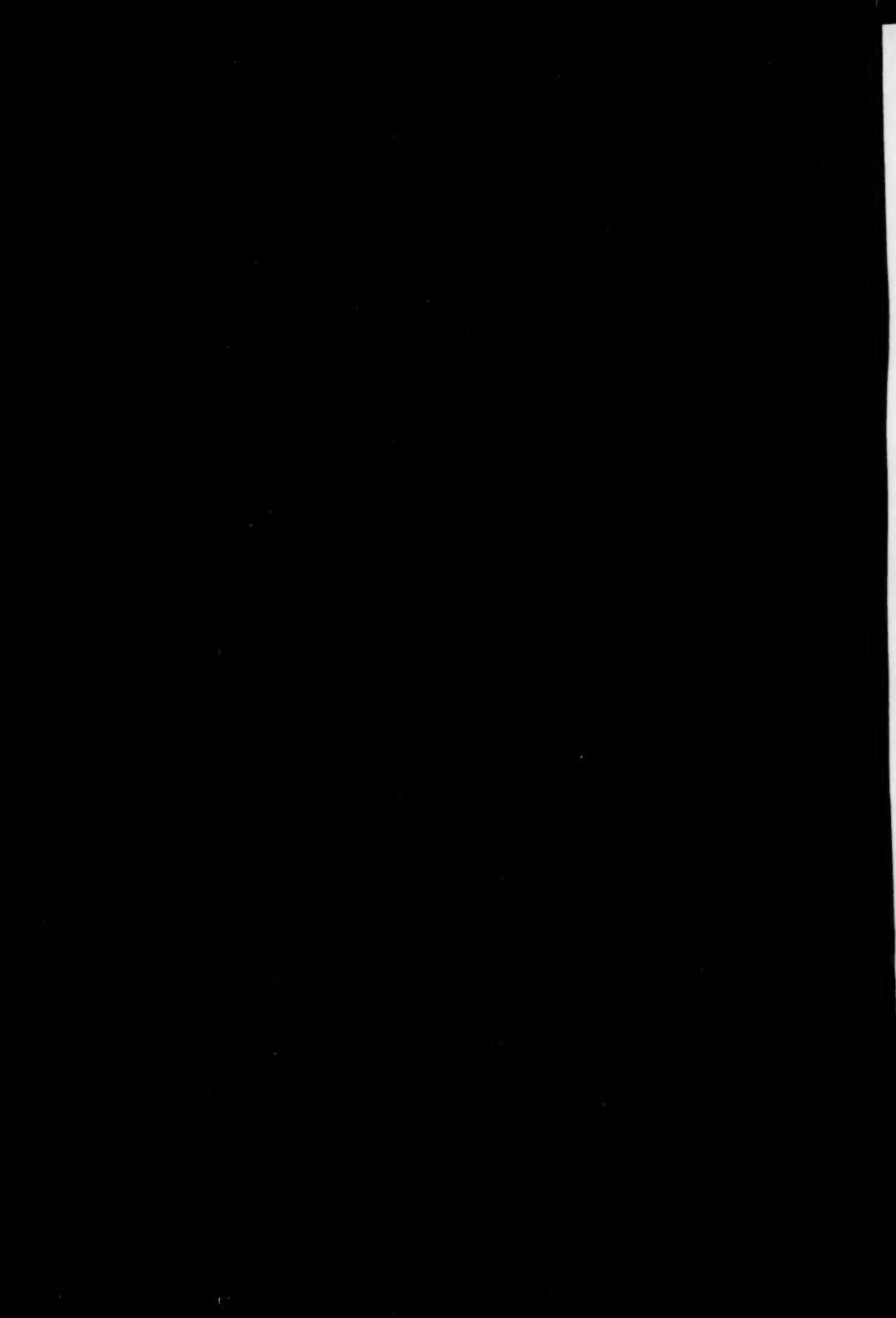
*

Jimmie: "I can't go to school today, mother. I don't feel well."

Mother: "Where is it you don't feel well?"

Jimmie: "In school."





Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and the daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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The following pictures are approved for family audiences:

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Arizonian	Les Miserables
Air Hawks	Life Begins at 40
Alias Mary Dow	Lightning Strikes Twice
Alibi Ike	Lily of Killarney
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Baby Face Harrington	The Lives of a Bengal
The Big Boy Rides Again	Lancer
Border Brigands	Love in Bloom
Born to Fight	Man of Aran
Brewster's Millions	Man From Hell
Bright Eyes	Mary Jane's Pa
Calling All Cars	Maybe It's Love
Captain Hurricane	McFadden's Flats
Car 99	Men of the Hour
Cardinal Richelieu	Millionaire Cowboy
Carnival	Mr. Dynamite
The Casino Murder Case	Murder in the Fleet
Charlie Chan in Paris	The Mysterious Mr. Wu
Charlie Chan in Egypt	Mutiny Ahead
Chasing Yesterday	Naughty Marietta
Chinatown Squad	The Night is Young
Clive of India	Northern Frontier
College Scandal	Now or Never
Crimson Trail	Once in a Blue Moon
The County Chairman	Oil for the Lamps of
David Copperfield	China
Death from a Distance	One More Spring
Devil Dogs of the Air	One New York Night
Dinky	One Night of Love
Dog of Flanders	Our Little Girl
Doubting Thomas	Party Wire
Eight Bells	Princess O'Hara
Fighting Pilot	Paradise Canyon
Gentlemen Are Born	Red Blood of Courage
The Ghost Walks	Roberta
Ginger	Ruggles of Red Gap
The Girl Who Came Back	Runaway Queen
The Good Fairy	The Scarlet Pimpernel
Grand Old Girl	Secret of Chinatown
Gun Fire	Sequoia
Happiness Ahead	A Shot in the Dark
The Healer	Spring Tonic
Helldorado	Stone of Silver Creek
Here Is My Heart	Strangers All
Hold 'Em Yale	Swell Head
Honeymoon Limited	Sweepstakes Annie
Hoosier Schoolmaster	Symphony of Living
Hurrah for Love	Traveling Saleslady
I'll Love You Always	Uncivil Warriors
Imitation of Life	Under Pressure
In Spite of Danger	Under the Pampas Moon
Jack Ahoy	The Unfinished Symphony
Justice of the Range	The Unknown Woman
Kentucky Kernels	Unwanted Stranger
Kentucky Street	Warfare
Laddie	Wings in the Dark
The Last Gentleman	The Winning Ticket